



BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1848.

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POETICAL

ROUGH AND READY SONG.

TUNE—"Dandy Jim."

Our country calls, once more to arms,
To save your work-shops and your farms;
"Old Rough and Ready" makes the call,
The invitation's to you all.

Let Palo Alto be our cry,
And on the breeze Resaca fly,
'Till Buena Vista's deeds repay
The conqueror of Monterey.

The Empire State with noble pride
Has placed her Fillmore side by side
To run the people's race with Zack,
So Cass and Butler clear the track.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

A sound more welcome than the rest,
Lights up the prairies of the West;
'Tis Ashland's thunder bursts away
The well known voice of HENRY CLAY!
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Now "in the dark and troubled night,"
A star is seen on Bunker's height,
To guide the old Whig army home,
The tribes of Dan united come.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Our gallant Scott brings up the rear,
His burning soup the Locos fear;
Their old reserve can ne'er escape
The deadly aim of Taylor's grape.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Our harbor boys will wheel about,
And help to clear the Cass-cade out;
'Chicago's letter' they will read,
And snag him in the hour of need.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

The people say Cass has been dull
Since he surrendered under Hull,
And with that sword he broke in two,
A Mexican, BRAVE PILLOW slew.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

When starving Ireland cried for food,
Cass like his native granite stood;
He dreamed the day was far remote,
E'er he would want the Irish vote.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

Cass rides a FOOTE by donkeys led,
Polk has a PILLOW for his head;
And should his Buckeye Bashaw fail
He has a CUSHING for his tail.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

The sov'reign people will it so,
Old Zach, must to the White House go;
For that high station he was made,
He never wore the black cockade.
Let Palo Alto, &c.

MORE GRAPE!

Locofoco Testimony in favor of Gen. Taylor.

WE PUBLISH BELOW the Circular of the Democratic Friends of Gen. Taylor in Pennsylvania. It was issued last Summer, and received the cordial sanction of the Democratic party of this State. It is signed by many of the firmest and truest members of that party. Several, indeed, of the signatures will be recognised as mentioned, at this time, in connection with the gubernatorial office. We are glad to have it in our power to add this endorsement to the many already published, in favor of Gen. Taylor. We have no doubt that Gen. Taylor will receive as many votes of the old Democratic party in this State as Gen. Cass. He will, with proper exertion on the part of our Whig friends, go over the State with an old-fashioned Jackson majority. As there has no change occurred in Gen. Taylor since the publication of this circular, we hope to have the co-operation of Judge Eldred, Judge Bucher, Gen. Cameron, &c., in the prosecution of the campaign! A little more grape, gentlemen, and the day is our own!—*Daily News.*



CIRCULAR

of the Democratic Taylor Central Corresponding Committee.

At a large and enthusiastic meeting of Democratic citizens, held at Harrisburg, on the 26th June, 1847, the following, among other resolutions, were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That this meeting of Democratic citizens, recognizing the omnipotence of the will of the people upon such a subject, and deeply impressed with the peculiar qualifications of Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR for the Presidency, do hereby present him to the Democracy and the people of this State and Union, as the Democratic candidate, and the real candidate of the People for the office of President of the United States at the ensuing Presidential election.

"Resolved, That in the attachment of General TAYLOR to THOMAS JEFFERSON—in his warm friendship for ANDREW JACKSON; and in his determined opposition to a Bank of the United States, his known patriotism, and the whole course of his life, we have the best warrant for our firm belief that he will administer the government upon those principles which have formed the policy of every Democratic administration, and whose object is the greatest good of the greatest number.

"Resolved, That a committee of correspondence be and are hereby appointed, for the purpose of interchanging sentiment with their fellow-citizens throughout the State, with a view and for the high purpose of promoting the nomination and election of Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR, for the presidency; and that the committee be clothed with full power, and are instructed to use all pro-

per exertions to effect such political organization in Pennsylvania as may be calculated to vindicate and carry out the public will in regard to the next presidency; and that the officers of the meeting appoint said committee."

The following named persons were appointed the committee:

COL. SETH SALISBURY, HON. GEO. KREMER,
HON. N. B. ELDRID, HON. WILLIAM DOCK,
HON. JOHN M. REAR, D. W. C. BROOKS, ESQ.,
HON. RICHARD VAUX, SAMUEL POOL, ESQ.,
GEN. S. CAMERON, COL. ISRAEL PAINTER,
P. W. HUGHES, ESQ., R. F. BLACK, ESQ.,
JAMES BRADY, ESQ., COL. H. B. WRIGHT,
MAJ. W. DEWART, J. A. BISHOP, ESQ.,
GEN. C. SEILER, MAJ. GEO. V. ZIEGLER,
HON. JOHN C. BUCHER, HON. JOHN SNYDER,
BENJ. PARKE, ESQ., JOSEPH BLACK, ESQ.,
GEORGE PRINCE, ESQ., GEN. WILLIAM CLARK,
HON. ELLIS LEWIS, JOHN P. BIRIA, ESQ.,
O. BARRETT, ESQ., H. C. OVERTON, ESQ.,
C. CARSON, ESQ., J. MERRAY RUSH, ESQ.,
P. DOUGHERTY, ESQ., H. A. MULLENBERG,
JAMES PEACOCK, ESQ., ANDREW MILLER, ESQ.,
JOSEPH J. LEWIS, ESQ.

Instructed by the foregoing resolutions, the committee beg leave to address you, and ask your co-operation in carrying out the object therein set forth.

Satisfactory information from all parts of the Union leave us no room to doubt that General ZACHARY TAYLOR, the hero of Okeechobee, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista, is the SPONTANEOUS FAVORITE of the "toiling millions" of America, for the office of President of these United States; and it is a just cause of congratulation that the PEOPLE, they who pay our taxes, fight our battles, and make our Presidents by their votes, have taken the matter of the selection of a candidate INTO THEIR OWN HANDS, and are calmly but resolutely, moving forward in the exercise of one of their dearest rights, guaranteed to them by the blood of their revolutionary fathers. This right should NEVER BE DELEGATED AWAY or entrusted to the management of others, except when necessary to procure a concentrated action in sustaining great and essential principles, by the selection of one from among a number of talented and equally patriotic and worthy men, presented and urged from different sections of our common country, as an appropriate standard bearer—thus avoiding division and consequent defeat.

NO SUCH NECESSITY EXISTS AT THE PRESENT TIME. ACHIEVEMENTS the most brilliant—TALENTS the most undimmed and exalted, and PATRIOTISM the most devoted, superadded to a life and character ENTIRELY SPOTLESS, have marked out one of our citizens, raising him FAR ABOVE THE LEVEL OF EVEN THE GREAT MEN OF OUR COUNTRY, producing a CONCENTRATION OF THE PUBLIC GAZE, and an UNANIMITY OF THE PUBLIC VOICE, which places the matter BEYOND ALL REASONABLE DOUBT, and thus DISPENSES with the ORDINARY MACHINERY of PARTY POLITICIANS.

No man holding the principles which pervade our Declaration of Independence which animated and sustained our fathers in the conflict which terminated in the adoption of our inimitable constitution, but must recognise in the events of our history since that epoch, the same guiding Hand and overruling Power upon which they relied, leading us onward and upward, as we are rapidly advancing towards destinies far beyond the reach of mortal eye. Twice, at least, in our political history, when dangers, at the time, both seen and unseen, threatened our domestic peace and welfare, have the affections of the people at large been so drawn towards AN INDIVIDUAL, as to give unerring indications of HIS BEING THE MAN FOR THE EMERGENCY OF THE TIMES. A WASHINGTON, in whom all confided to settle and arrange our federal government, and a JACKSON, with instinctive foresight to apprehend danger, and more than Roman firmness to meet and dispel it. Who but Gen. WASHINGTON, who had led our feeble armies to victory over the proudest of earth's nations, could have reconciled the conflicting interests of the States, built up from general bankruptcy a national credit, and cemented such seemingly discordant elements into a perfect union! And who but General JACKSON, who had closed the second war of Independence in a blaze of glory, could have, without a war, compelled France to do us long delayed justice; or with a purpose unbending as fate have delivered our country from that most powerful, dangerous and corrupt institution, the United States bank?

The price of liberty is UNCEASING VIOLENCE, and we fear the day is yet far distant when the friends of freedom can lay aside their armour and fold their arms in security. Are there not some clouds now hanging about our political horizon, which although yet small, batten to the observing patriot a storm which will require not only wisdom and strength, but COURAGE and UNSHINKING FIRMNESS in him who is SAFELY TO HOLD

THE HELM OF STATE? Statesmen in every section of our country are looking with intense interest upon the settlement of the questions which must grow out of the war in which we are now engaged. Who is the man for the occasion is no sooner asked, than THE PUBLIC VOICE, from the St. Croix to the Rio Grande answers GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR!

THE PEOPLE BELIEVE that the man who can lead armies, ADVISE CABINETS, and win the affections of our citizen soldiers by his ENERGY, MORAL COURAGE, WISDOM and HUMANITY, is BEST FITTED TO FILL THE OFFICE which the Father of his country and the hero of New Orleans have shown, by their successful and glorious civil administrations, can be MOST SAFELY ENTRUSTED to those who, in their own time and age, are "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of their countrymen."

We shall not in this circular write the EULOGY of GEN. TAYLOR, nor attempt to enumerate HIS BRILLIANT SERVICES. They are written IN LETTERS OF LIVING LIGHT, not only in the pages of our country's history, but in the hearts of our fellow citizens. They are seen and read by ALL MEN, EXCEPT THOSE WHOSE JAUNDICED EYES CANNOT BEAR THE SIGHT.

Gen. Taylor is not a professed politician. He is descended from a DEMOCRATIC STOCK, and his associations, sympathies and sentiments, as well as his acts, shows that he is a democrat at heart. His father was a warm unflinching supporter of JEFFERSON, the father of democracy, and he has unwaveringly supported Gen. Jackson; who, more than any other man of his age, walked in the paths which JEFFERSON had marked out. The affection and confidence between them was so strong, that a short time before his death, Gen. Jackson pointed out Gen. Taylor, then, like Cincinnatus on his farm, as a man for the times, whom he would endorse to the country.

Gen. TAYLOR IS NOT MERELY A WARRIOR, a "military chieftain", (an objection which Mr. Clay urged against General JACKSON, and holds against Gen. TAYLOR,) but the acts of his life, the RECORDS of the WAR DEPARTMENT at Washington, as well as HIS LATE MODEL DESPATCHES, show him to be a RIPE SCHOLAR and AN ACCOMPLISHED WRITER. His well known views in opposition to bank of the United States, and in favor of a strict construction of the constitution, with the whole course of his life, are sufficient to satisfy any honest and reasonable mind as to the principles which will guide him in the administration of the government. THE PEOPLE, the HONEST YEOMANRY of the country, who ask no office but desire "the greatest good of the greatest number;" ARE SATISFIED, and with SINGULAR UNANIMITY as presenting him AS THEIR candidate for the highest and most responsible office in the world; and at the election in 1848, THEY WILL AS ONE MAN RALLY TO HIS SUPPORT.

After a consultation among ourselves, we have concluded to invite our fellow citizens to assemble in State meeting, at Harrisburg, on the glorious 24th of September next; the anniversary of the battle and victory of the battle of Monterey, for the purpose of adopting such measures as may be deemed expedient and proper to promote the election of Gen. TAYLOR to the Presidency of these United States.

Come then, fellow-citizens, and let us consult together as to the proper means to carry out THE UNDOUBTED WILL of a LARGE MAJORITY of the PEOPLE of this Union. In the meantime let us hear from you, and have your views upon the common object we have in view, and the best means to be adopted. We would also suggest the holding of public meetings in your towns and districts for the purpose of carrying out the PUBLIC WILL in regard to the Presidency.

Respectfully yours, &c.

The above address was signed, on behalf of the committee by the Chairman and Secretaries.

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

The following beautiful story is literally true and was first published in a lecture delivered by William Tracy, Esq., of Utica, on the early history of Oneida county.

One of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge W——, who established himself at Whitestown, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with only one child—a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect the country around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W—— saw the necessity of

keeping on good terms with the Indians, for, as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feeling, and to secure their good will in return. Several chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and of great influence, who resided at the distance of a dozen miles, had not yet been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the sachem in respect to this settlement in that region. At last he sent a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow!

True to his appointment, the sachem came; Judge W—— received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced his security might depend, and he was therefore exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in this county, to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said—"Brother, you ask much, and you promise much, what pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian."

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge, "is not that an evidence of my good intention? I have placed confidence in the Indian and will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief, "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence, if you will trust, he will trust you. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with an answer!"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy, who stood at the side of the sachem looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W——, he knew that the success of the enterprise, the lives of his family, depended on the decision of a moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said, "bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam, as beneath our own roof."

The agonizing mother hesitated for a moment, she then slowly returned, placed the boy on the knee of the chief, and kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing three days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from her sleep, seeming to hear the screams of the child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore slowly away—and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass. The morning waned away, noon arrived, yet they came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent, Judge W—— walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door and looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

As the last rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He rapidly advanced—and the little boy at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his new honors that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe. "The white man conquered!" said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian, he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word; Judge W—— lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

BRAVE OLD ROUGH AND READY.

AIR—"Lucy Neal."

'Twas down in Philadelphia,
The Whigs they did agree,
To nominate for President
The gallant Zachary.

Brave Old Rough and Ready,
O! gallant Zachary;
The man both wise and steady,
Our President shall be.

The brave, the noble Taylor,
The theme of every tongue—
The peoples' choice for President,
The second Washington.

Brave Old Rough and Ready, &c.

Upon the Rio Grande,
His deeds of glory shone,
So brave, and yet so merciful,
The Nations heart was won.

Brave Old Rough and Ready, &c.

By bold and noble daring
He captured Monterey,
But spared a prostrate enemy
The glory of the day.

Brave Old Rough and Ready, &c.

'Twas at Buena Vista,
The banner streamed in light,
And mounted on "Old Whitey,"
He led him swell the fight.

Brave Old Rough and Ready, &c.

The genius of Napoleon,
The noble heart of "Clay,"
In harmony united
In our gallant Zachary.

Brave Old Rough and Ready, &c.

The dastards of the "White House,"
The Polk and Marcy crew,
Tried all their arts to crush him,
But they found it wouldn't do.

Brave Old Rough and Ready, &c.

They sent their Santa Anna
To try to make him run,
But he wouldn't—gallant Zachary,
Surrender of his home.

Brave Old Rough and Ready, &c.

The people want a President
Who will maintain the right,
They will not have black cockade Cass,
Who swears, but will not fight.

Brave Old Rough and Ready, &c.

But they go for Rough and Ready,
With his "Old Hoss Whitey" too,
Who'll carry him to Washington,
And kick out the Loco crew.

Brave Old Rough and Ready, &c.

He never lost a battle,
He never did a wrong,
He never will "surrender,"
So for him we'll go it strong!

Brave Old Rough and Ready, &c.

Come join with us the Christs,
The people's cause advance,
And Cass will hear Whig thunder,
O! he'll be a circumstance!

Brave Old Rough and Ready,
O! gallant Zachary, &c.

For the Journal.

Poetry that ain't Poetry.

MR. EDITOR.—Take a specimen of Modern Poetry, copied by the "Pennsylvania Inquirer" from the Columbian Magazine for July, only change the form, knock off the Capitals from the beginning of every line and then read straight forward without ever dreaming of blank verse, and what do you have but the following!:

"The Emigrant Mother."

"From my sweet native land I took my way across the foaming deep. My husband slept in his new grave and poverty had stripp'd our lonely cottage.— Letters o'er the wave from brother and from sister bade me come to this New World where there is bread for all. So with heavy widow'd heart I came, my only babe and I. Coarse, curious eyes look'd searchingly upon me as I sat in the throng'd steerage with my sick sick soul. But at each jeering word I bow'd my head down o'er my helpless child and was content for he was all my world!" &c.

And so it goes on in the same strain with five more of the same kind. Now the question is, Where is the Poetry? Is it in the sentiment! If so, it is nothing more than any old Dutch woman in the same sad condition and traveling up the canal would experience. Is it in the language? If so, it is nothing better than many prose effusions every day read in papers and Magazines. Is it in both! If so, it will not compare with the Prose writings of "Old Christopher North," or Colton, or even Miss Sandon, not to mention many of a lower grade. Much of the writing of this class may be called Poetic-Prose but the extract we have given above does not even merit this title. In truth every Novel or Tale you meet with contains plenty of prose effusions twice as poetic in sentiment and language as the 'specimen' before you. Nor is it the change in form that renders the 'specimen' so tame, for you will know that Ossian's Poetry was all written in the form of Prose but it was Poetry still. The secret of the matter is "The Emigrant's Mother," is Poetry which is NOT Poetry. And you will no doubt be surprised when you hear the name of the Authoress, viz. Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. It was the high position of this gifted writer contrasted with the above tame yet long effusion, together with a consideration of the great flood of similar stuff now palmed off for Poetry, that drew forth this rough sketch, from one who admires many of Mrs. Sigourney's really Poetic Pieces.

Was Gen. Washington a Whig?

As upon the subject of "pledges," Gen. Taylor occupies exactly the same ground that Gen. Washington took, we may well ask this question why, because Gen. Taylor will not pledge himself his whiggery is doubted. Gen. Washington, after bringing the Revolution to a triumphant close, and presiding over the Convention that framed the Constitution, was called upon to become a candidate for the Presidency. He wrote as follows, to two of his friends:

[From a letter to Benjamin Harrison.]

"MOUNT VERNON, 9th March, 1789.

"I will therefore declare to you that, should it be my inevitable fate to administer the government, (for Heaven knows that no event can be less desired by me, and that no earthly consideration short of so general a call, together with a desire to reconcile contending parties, so far as in me lies, could again bring me into public life,) I will go to the chair under no pre-engagement of any kind or nature whatsoever good."

[From another to Benjamin Lincoln.]

"MOUNT VERNON, 11th March, 1789.

"Should it become necessary for me to go into the chair of government, I have determined to go free from all positive engagements of every nature whatsoever. This is the answer I have already given to a multiplicity of applications; and I have assigned as the true reason of my conduct, the predominant desire I had of being at liberty to act with a sole reference to justice and the public."

Such "pledges" are surely good enough Whig principles for everybody. To serve one's country with one's whole heart, is to be exactly the right sort of a Whig.—*A. Y. Express.*

A Tailor "done brown."

The New York "Spirit," that perennial fountain of good things, has the following nice little story by a Boston correspondent, showing just how it was, "once on a time," that a certain knight of the shears in this city was "done brown." A most beautiful brown it was, truly.

Not many years since there lived in the "moral" city of Boston, two young Bucks, rather waggish in their ways, and who were in the habit of patronising rather extensively, a tailor by the name of Smith. Well, one day, into Smith's shop these young bloods strolled. Says one of them—

"Smith, we've been making a bet; now we want you to make each of us a suit of clothes—wait till the bet is decided, and then the one that loses will pay the whole."

"Certainly, gentlemen; I shall be most happy to serve you," says Smith, and forthwith their measures were taken, and in due course of time the clothes were sent home.

A month or two passed by, and yet our friend, the tailor, saw nothing of his two customers. One day, however, he met them in Washington street, and thinking it almost time that the bet was decided, he made up to them, and asked them how their clothes fitted.

"Oh! excellently," says one; "by the by, Smith, our bet isn't decided yet."

"Ah!" says Smith, "what is it?"

"Why, I bet that when Bunker Hill Monument falls, it will fall towards the South! Bill here took me up, and when the bet is decided, we'll call and pay you that little bill."

Smith's face stretched to double its usual length, but he soon recovered his wonted good humor, and says he—

"Boys I'm sold; let's go to Briggs' and take a 'snitter'—and I tell you what boys, say nothing about it, and I'll send you receipted bills this afternoon."

CURE FOR POTATO ROT.—A perfect cure for the potato disease has at last been discovered, and applied to the crop in Germany. Dr. Klotsch, of Berlin, has received a reward of \$1,400 from the Prussian Government, for the discovery. The same manner of preventing the disease was discovered nearly at the same time by the celebrated Prof. Liebig, but Dr. Klotsch has tested it for the space of three years successfully and on a large scale. The plan is to pinch off about half an inch from the top of the plant when it has reached a height of 6 to 9 inches, and to repeat the same operation 10-11 weeks after the time of planting, on all the stems of the plant.

The girls go for Taylor.

Among the number now no longer doubtful; we may mention Carolina, Virginia and Mary Land; also Louisa Anna and probably Miss Souri and Miss Issippi.

The Locofocos have got the number of General Taylor's slaves up to two hundred. They will increase to at least a thousand, perhaps fifteen hundred, before November.